All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

*Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.*

*Gho.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.*

*Gho. to K.R.* Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the (Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.*

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.*

*K.Ri.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

Line antepenult. startethup out—.
Line 1. in Richards— 2. Well conquer—
11. be lead—



O coward conscience,
The lights burne blew
Cold fearefull drops st
What do I feare my se
Richard loues Richard
Is there a murtherer h
Then flie, what from m
Left I reuenge. What m
Alacke I loue my selfe,
That I my selfe haue do
O no: alas I rather hat
For hatefull deeds com
I am a villaine, yet I ly
Foole of thy selfe speak
My conscience hath a t
And euery tongue brin
And euery tale conden
Periurie, in the highest
Murther, sterne murthe
All seuerall sinnes, all v
Throng all to the barre
I shall dispaire, there is
And if I die, no soule sh
And wherefore should
Finde in my selfe, no pi
Me thought the soules
Came all to my tent, an
Tomorrowes vengean

*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* Zounds, who
*Rat.* Ratcliffe, my L
Hath twise done saluta
Your friends are vp, an
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I
What thinkst thou, wil
*Rat.* No doubt my
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I f
*Rat.* Nay good my
*King.* By the Apost

Line 3 -
Line 18. Pe
pity me.
21. Throng
Line 2. is

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